He made a bluſhing citall of himſelfe,
And chid his trewant youth with ſuch a grace,
As if he maſtered there a double ſpirit
Of teaching, and of learning inſtantly:
There did he pauſe, but let me tell the world,
If he out-liue the enuy of this day,
England did neuer owe ſo ſweete a hope,
So much miſconſtred in his wantonneſſe.
Hot. Couſin, I thinke thou art enamored
On his follies: neuer did I heare
Of any Prince ſo wild at liberty:
But be he as he will, yet once ere night,
I will imbrace him with a Souldiers arme,
That he ſhall ſhrinke vnder my courteſie.
Arme, arme with ſpeede, and fellow Souldiers, friends,
Better conſider what you haue to doe,
That I that haue not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood vp with perſwaſion. *Enter a Meſſenger.*
Meſſ. My Lord, here are Letters for you.
Hot. I cannot read them now,
O Gentlemen, the time of life is ſhort:
To ſpend that ſhortneſſe baſely, were too long:
If life did ride vpon a Dials poynt,
Still ended at the arriuall of an hower,
And if he liue, we liue to tread on Kings:
If die, braue death when Princes die with vs.
Now for our Conſciences, the armes is faire,
When the intent for bearing them is iuſt. *Enter another.*
Meſſ. My Lord, prepare, the *King* comes on apace.
Hot. I thanke him, that he cuts me from my tale:
For I profeſſe not talking, onely this,
Let each man doe his beſt; and here draw I a Sword,
Whoſe temper I intend to ſtaine
With the beſt blood that I can meete withall,
In the aduenture of this perilous day.
Now eſperance *Percy*, and ſet on,
Sound all the lofty inſtruments of warre,
And by that muſicke, let vs all imbrace,

For heauen to earth, ſome of vs neuer
A ſecond time doe ſuch a courteſie.
Heere they embrace, the Trumpets ſound
his power, alarum to the battell: the
Walter Blunt.
Blunt. What is thy name that in Batte
What honour doſt thou ſeeke vpon my
Dow. Know then my name is *Dowg*
And I doe haunt thee in the battell th
Becauſe ſome tell me, that thou art a K
Blunt, They tell thee true.
Dow. The Lord of *Stafford* deare to
Thy likeneſſe, for in ſtead of thee, King
This Sword hath ended him, ſo ſhall it
Vnleſſe thou yeeld thee as a priſoner.
Blunt. I was not borne to yeeld, tho
And thou ſhalt find a King that will re
Lord *Staffords* death.
They fight; Dowglas kils Blunt; the
Hot. O *Dowglas*? hadſt thou fought
I neuer had triumpht ouer a Scot.
Dow. Al's done, al's won, here brea
Hot. Where?
Hot. This *Dowglas*? No, I know, t
A gallant Knight he was, his name wa
Semblably furniſht like the King him
Dowg. Ah foole, goe with thy ſoule
A borrowed title haſt thou bought to
Why didſt thou tell me, that thou we
Hot. The King hath many marchin
Dowg. Now by my Sword, I will ki
lle murder all his Wardrope, piece b
Vntill I meete the King. H
Our ſouldiers ſtand full fairely for the
Alarum, enter Falſtaff
Fal. Though I could ſcape ſhot-fre
ſhot heere: heere's no ſcoring but vpo
you? *Sir Walter Blunt*, there's honour f

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